

Lust is a Beast

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Summary: Bruce's affections for a certain red headed team member result in him losing a grip on his firm self control and the team steps in to help get these new feelings of his under control once and for all...Just a bit of Avengers fun with a lemony twist...Bruce/Natasha Oneshot.

Lust is a Beast

AN: Wrote this for my girlfriend who is a huge Brutasha fan and she insisted I share it with you all...Hope you enjoy it as much as she did! :)

Happy Reading! Enjoy!

BPOV

"Ugh," I groan loudly before cracking open my eyes to take in my surroundings. "Dammit," I curse softly noticing my undressed state, and an all too familiar state of chaos surrounding me. It would seem the 'other guy' was released once more, this time in Stark's garage. I sigh, shaking my head in defeat. This has been happening way too often as of late and I know just the person to blame for my current circumstances. Natasha Romanoff.

She's killing me slowly strutting around the tower in her tiny little shorts and low cut tops, revealing that milky, porcelain skin of hers for all the world to see. How am I supposed to keep control of my emotions when I'm constantly overcome with overwhelming lust for the fiery redhead? I'm only a man; well most the time anyhow, I can only take so much.

"You've got to be fucking kidding me," an all too familiar voice calls out angrily as I glance over to see Tony headed my way. "You need to get this shit under control, Banner," he demands, pointing a stern finger at me with a deep scowl.

"Language, Tony," chides Steve, shooting a disapproving frown at his lover who rolls his eyes irritably with a huff. Steve looks to me then with a sympathetic gaze. "You doin' okay, Dr. Banner?" he asks softly.

"Well, I could use some pants," I throw out with a shrug whilst cupping myself rather awkwardly in front of my superhero comrades.

"Whilst this suffice?" calls Thor, tossing one of his crimson capes my way with a slight shrug. I sigh, reaching out with one hand to catch the heavy material before turning and wrapping myself in the cloth, creating a makeshift toga for myself before turning back around to face my colleagues.

"This is the third time this month your giant green friend has rampaged through my tower," Tony scolds as Steve places a hand on his shoulder in an attempt to soothe his aggravated lover. Stark pauses then, looking behind me as his face flushes red in ire. "You did not demolish the fucking Lambo," he spits out as his jaw ticks in anger.

"Tony!" chastises Steve once more as I turn sheepishly to see said flashy sports car reduced to a pile of twisted metal and shattered glass.

"Um, sorry?" I throw out with a shrug as the billionaire mogul runs his hands through his dark locks in frustration. Steve places his hands on his partner's shoulders and the two of them proceed to quarrel quietly with one another as Thor makes his way towards me, eyeing me curiously.

"This was truly your doing?" he questions, leaning down to pick up a shard of glass and tilting his head as he examines it curiously. He looks up to me to see my shy nod as a wide grin crosses his face. "Most impressive," he praises as my brows shoot up in surprise.

"Thanks?" I throw out as the demigod gives me a firm nod of approval. Strange lot, those demigods.

"I will not calm down, Steve!" shouts the iron crusader, causing me to flinch as he turns his hardened glare towards me. "That thing isn't safe for us to be around!" his voice booms out around us loudly as he points accusingly at me, making my shoulders slump in shame. "You aren't safe so long as he can't control himself, lover," Tony adds softly, turning back to his partner and leaning close to press a tender kiss to the cleft of Steve's chin.

"Dr. Banner, I think it's time we have a little talk," Steve informs me with a soft sigh. "We need to get this problem of yours under control." I sigh loudly, shaking my head as I look to my caped coworkers in defeat.

"I don't know if I can control it," I admit softly as the three of them flash me matching looks of concern.

"I thought you said you had a handle on your green alter ego," Tony says as his brow furrows in confusion.

"I thought I did," I admit with a sigh. "But in light of certainâ€|_circumstances_â€|you might very well be right. I may _not_ be safe for you all to stay around."

"Of what circumstances dost thou speak?" Thor demands. I feel a warm flush crawl up my cheeks as thoughts of a certain scantily clad redhead come to mind. "And why dost thou cheeks redden so?"

"Um," I stumble out awkwardly as the three superheroes hit me with puzzled gazes. "My emotions have been harder to control as of late," I start, shaking my head as I realize I need to admit the source of my plight. "I've recently developed certainâ€|_feelingsâ€|_for another member of the team and it's been wreaking havoc on my self-control," I finally admit as Thor flashes me a sympathetic smile before slamming his meaty palm upon my shoulder, throwing me off balance and making me stumble slightly.

"I understand thou plight, Green Man," he tells me as I let out a sigh of relief. "But I regrettably cannot return these affections aptly," he informs me as my jaw drops in shock.

"No, no!" I cry out, waving my hands and shaking my head vehemently. "I'm not talking about you, Thor!" The blonde demigod looks to me in puzzlement, making me roll my eyes at him. God, the ego on this guy, seriously.

"If you're not talking about him, then who_ do _you have feelings for?" Steve asks curiously as I'm once again hit with their quizzical stares. I let out a groan, dropping my reddened face to my hands realizing I have no choice but to reveal the name of my crush to the group.

"It's Nat," I whisper.

"Who?" they question in unison as I let out another groan of embarrassment.

"Natasha, okay? It's Natasha!" I cry out as the three look to me in combined shock.

"I thought you were gay?" Tony questions as I roll my eyes at him. "Didn't you think he was gay?" he questions a frowning Steve. "I mean, really, I think we're all just a bit surprised by this bit of news, doc."

"Well, I'm not, alright? I'm _not_ gay and I've somehow managed to develop feelings for Nat," I admit with a loud sigh.

"Dost thou female reciprocate these affections?" Thor questions as I shrug.

"I don't know," I admit softly. "I haven't told her how I feel about her," I explain, looking down sheepishly to my bare feet currently shuffling amongst the rubble covering the garage floor.

"Well then, you just have to admit your feelings to Natasha, Dr. Banner," Steve encourages as I gaze up to see his brilliant, trademark smile aimed in my direction.

"But what if she doesn't feel the same way about me?" I question softly as my three teammates share concerned looks with one another.

"Then you just have to convince her," Tony throws out with a dismissive shrug as my jaw drops incredulously. Is he fucking serious?

"That's easy for you to say," I argue with an eye roll. "Not all of us are as arrogant as the great Tony Stark," I challenge as he shakes his head, sighing loudly.

"Then I'd say we've got a pretty big fucking problem, doctor," he informs me solemnly and this time Steve doesn't bother to reprimand him as the spangled crusader is busy giving me a sympathetic gaze.

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I stand under the streaming spray of the shower in my suite thinking over the morning's earlier events. I know the team's right, if I can't get these lustful feelings for Nat under control, we really will have a big fucking problem on our hands. I just can't risk losing control like that. I can't put my own teammates in danger any longer. But can I really admit my feelings to the woman who holds my affections?

What would the woman known as Black Widow have to say about the shy, quiet doctor's admission of love? She'd laugh in my face, that's what I'd bet. I can't handle that kind of rejection, not from her. So what do I do? Should I run off again? Hide away from the world and all my problems? Just pretend I'm okay even as I'm clearly anything but? I let out a loud sigh, turning off the streaming water before stepping out to towel off my dripping body.

"Dr. Banner?" calls an all too familiar voice, causing me to stumble on the wet linoleum and crash to the hard floor in an unceremonious slump. The door handle clicks and I panic, trying to gain balance and managing instead to fall on my back with a loud cry of pain. The bathroom door flies open then and I gaze up to see Natasha looking down to me in concern.

"Are you alright, doctor?" she asks anxiously, kneeling down beside me in her skin tight, leather cat suit before beginning to look me over for injury.

"Um, yeah, I'm fine," I stumble out as I work to cover myself with the towel, my face flaming deep crimson in embarrassment. "Um, uh, is there a reason you're in my room?" I question as I finally manage to sit up, pressing my back against the glass shower door.

"Oh," she says, her brows rising in surprise. "The guys said you needed to speak with me. They said it was urgent," she informs me as my jaw ticks in anger. Those assholes. "They said it had something to do with your recent, umâ€¦episodes."

"Uh, yeah," I admit a bit awkwardly, working to stand whilst clutching my towel tightly around me. "The green guy's been a bit out of control as of late," I offer lamely as her vibrant green eyes shine with concern.

"Is there something I can do to help?" she offers softly as a dorky guffaw escapes my throat, making me blush once more. There's certainly one way she could help, but I could never admit my feelings to such a beautiful woman, there's just no way.

"Uh, no, I don't think so, Natasha," I answer softly as a small frown forms on her pouty, crimson lips.

"You don't think I'm smart enough to help you," she deadpans as my jaw drops in shock.

"What? No! That's not it at all! You've got this all wrong!" I explain, shaking my head vehemently as she lifts a condescending brow at me. "I think you're an incredibly smart and remarkably beautiful woman, Natasha," I stumble out before my face flushes once more. Shit. I just told her I thought she was beautiful. Fuck my life. My head drops in shame as I let out a defeated sigh, inwardly cursing my awkwardness.

"You really think I'm beautiful?" she asks softly as my head shoots up to see her smile at me softly as her green eyes shine in delight.

"Uh, yeah, I mean, of course," I say, shrugging my shoulders. "But, I'm sure guys tell you that all the time," I add softly as she shakes her head, making those beautiful auburn curls of hers bounce around her delicate face.

"No," she says softly. "No, they really don't." I pause then, not knowing what to say to such an admission. I had truly assumed she was being constantly hit on by hordes of men, I mean, come on, just look at her!

"Well, then they should," I tell her softly. "Because you truly are beautiful, Natasha," I manage to spill out all articulate-like, feeling every bit the suave playboy at this particular moment. Inner high five, doc. A pale pink creeps up her porcelain skin then and my throat tightens as she looks up at me coyly through the dark lace of her thick lashes.

"Thank you, doctor," she says softly as I have to clear my throat loudly, pushing down my rising lusts. "You're a sweet man," she adds as my mouth falls open in disbelief.

"Um, yeah, sweet, that's me," I stagger out awkwardly as she grins widely. "Um, now, if you don't mind," I say, reaching out to place my hand on her arm. "I need to get dressed now, so, um, if you could just, yeah," I stumble out as I proceed to lead her through the adjoined bedroom. I reach for the door handle and find that the door is locked. What the hell? "Did you-" I start just as the flat screen springs to life beside us to display Tony's smug face in 1080HD.

"Stark?" Natasha questions as we stare at the screen together in surprise.

"Uh, yeah, hi guys," he says. "Listen, we need to get this little problem solved, like, now. So, until you two get your shit worked out," he starts as Steve's hand appears from off screen to smack him,

earning the Captain an eye roll from his lover. "Sorry, until you get your _issues_ worked out, you're not leaving that room."

"You can't be serious, Stark!" I cry out as he shoots me a grim expression through the screen. Well, shit.

"And what do you mean we need to sort out our issues?" Nat questions. "Bruce and I don't have issues, you on the other hand," she says shaking her head and pointing a delicate finger at the screen. "I'm so gonna kick your ass for this, Stark," she threatens as her jaw ticks in anger.

"Uh, yeah, I'm really scared, little spider," he retorts with an eye roll. "But seriously, this can't keep happening. I can't let your little boyfriend there keep rampaging through my home, breaking all my shit. Not happening."

"Boyfriend?" Natasha questions in shock, turning to look at me in puzzlement. I shoot her a weak smile, shrugging lightly.

"Yeah, boyfriend, lover, whatever," Tony continues as my fists clench with the beginnings of anger. I take a deep breath, pushing those feelings down and shaking off the start of my temper. "Anywaysâ€¦we need to know that Banner's not gonna lose his shit around you, so you two need to consummate this thing before you even _think_ of stepping out of that bedroom."

"Tony," I plead as he raises a brow at me through the screen.

"And before you decide to get cute and try to break out of there, know that there's nothing short of an A-bomb that'll get through Jarvis' security locks," he informs us solemnly as Steve ducks behind him to send us a sympathetic smile.

"So we're stuck," I reiterate as he nods firmly. "Until what? What do you want from us?"

"I need you, Banner, to get all that pent up energy of yours out of your system," he says, lifting a brow at me. Is he saying what I think he's saying? No fucking way.

"Wait, what?" Natasha asks, shaking her head. "I'm missing something here." Stark sighs loudly, brushing his hand over his face in frustration as Steve pats his shoulder lightly.

"Banner has a schoolboy crush on you and until you two can prove that you can safely maneuver a physical relationship with one another, I'm keeping you locked inside that room," he informs us as we both look to the screen in shock.

"So you won't let us leave until we have _sex_!?" I ask incredulously as he nods firmly.

"Exactly," he says grimly as I fall to the bed in disbelief.

"But why? Why do we have to sleep together just because we have feelings for one another?" Natasha questions as I look up to her in shock. _We_? She has feelings for me as well?

"Because I need to know that Banner can safely have a sexual

relationship without destroying a small country," he says matter of factly as I glare up at the screen. He's such an arrogant ass.

"So what, you're just gonna watch us have sex with one another?" I question irritably as he shrugs. Steve smacks him once more and the iron crusader shoots his lover a harsh glare before rolling his eyes with a loud sigh.

"Fine, we won't watch, but we will be listening and you're not getting free until the deed is done," he informs us sternly. "Now, you kids have fun," he says with a small smirk before the screen goes black.

"Well, this is awkward," Nat deadpans as I nod my agreement.

"No shit," I concede as she grins at me. "What?" I ask in puzzlement.

"Nothing, I just don't think I've ever heard you swear before," she explains as I chuckle lightly.

"Yeah, well, this is a pretty unusual situation we've found ourselves in," I retort as she snorts lightly, smirking at me and shaking her head.

"So, why is it you never told me you had feelings for me? And how the hell did Stark find out?" she asks, pointing her thumb to the screen with a raised brow.

"Uh, yeah, I kind of had to admit my feelings to the team when my influx of emotions started making me hulk out," I explain softly. "And I never told you; wellâ€¦I never told you how I felt because, well, I was afraid of what your response may be."

The bed lowers then as Natasha sits beside me and I stare intently at the floor in utter humiliation, hating being put in this situation until her small hand reaches out, landing upon my knee as she squeezes it gently. I raise my eyes to hers to see her emerald orbs shining in admiration as she gives me a small smile.

"And why would you think I'd turn you down?" she asks softly as my jaw drops in disbelief.

"Well, because you're, well, you're you and, well, just look at me, Nat," I say holding out my arms. "I'm not exactly the type of guy beautiful women fawn over."

"I'm looking," she says as she leans closer. "And I think you're wrong, Bruce," she practically purrs as I find myself swallowing loudly.

"I- I, uh, I am?" I question softly as she nods that mop of fire red curls in the affirmative. Holy hell, this woman will be the death of me. "So, uh, what do you think of me?" I question softly as she flashes me a brilliant smile.

"I think you're incredibly sweet," she says, leaning forward to place a kiss atop my nose, making a warm flush crawl up my cheeks. "And you're by far the smartest man I've ever met," she adds, leaning down to place a kiss to my flushed cheek. "And you think I'm beautiful,"

she whispers before lowering her face to brush her silken lips over my own, kissing me softly.

"That, that, that, that was nice," I stumble out as my face flames crimson red. Natasha giggles sweetly and I flash her a rather dopey, smitten smile, earning me a bright grin from the beautiful redhead.

"There's a lot more yet to come if we ever wanna leave this room," she tells me with a coy smirk as my jaw drops in disbelief. "You _do_ want to leave this room sometime, don't you?" she questions with a raised brow as I nod my agreement.

"O-of course," I answer as she grins widely. "But I don't, well, I don't want to, um, I don't want to take advantage of you, Nat," I stumble out as she giggles sweetly once more.

"Trust me, Bruce, I'm very willing," she informs me as my heart begins beating wildly in my chest and my mouth goes dry. I wordlessly point between the two of us, lifting a brow and she nods eagerly, grinning at me. Well, fuck me!

Natasha stands from the bed then, flashing me a coy smirk before reaching up to grasp the zipper of her leather body suit. She drags the toggle down slowly and I stare in awe as she reveals inch after delicious inch of milky white skin before me.

I gulp loudly as she unzips her skin tight suit down to her belt, revealing a white V of silken skin betwixt all that black leather. Dear God, I think I'm in heaven and we haven't even started yet.

NPOV

I stare down into the chocolate brown eyes of the doctor and have to smirk as he stares on in utter wonderment. I wonder if he's ever done this before. Could this really be his first time with a woman? I guess I'd better make it good for him, mostly because I'm hoping this isn't the first _and _last time we'll be doing this.

"See anything you like?" I tease as he gulps loudly once more, nodding that curly mop of dark curls. God, he is utterly adorable. I take hold of my belt then, removing it in one fluid motion before stepping closer to the bed. I wedge my knee between his; prying his legs open with a small smirk before pressing myself closer and reaching up to peel away the top of my leather cat suit, bunching the leather around my waist.

"Shit, Nat," he whispers reverently as I expose my breasts before him, biting my bottom lip coyly. I notice him wringing his hands nervously on his towed lap and smile softly before reaching down to take his warm hands into my own. I press a soft kiss to his knuckles, brushing my lips over the heated skin before lowering them before my exposed chest.

"I want you to touch me, Banner," I whisper as he nods a bit too eagerly, clenching his trembling hands nervously in the air before finally reaching forward to cup my bared breasts into his heated palms. I hum in appreciation before his clever fingers brush softly against my peaks, bringing a soft gasp from me as my rosy nubs harden

in desire.

"Is, is this okay?" he asks softly as he begins kneading my breasts gently and brushing his fingertips ever so lightly over my hardened peaks.

"God, yes, that feels wonderful," I admit throatily as my head falls back in rapture. This must give him the confidence he needs as he picks up his ministrations then, squeezing a bit more firmly and pinching gently at my budding nubs. "Shit, Bruce," I cry out as a delicious warmth begins pooling between my thighs.

I gasp sharply as a scorching heat envelops my right breast and look down to see the doctor suckling gently before flicking that wicked tongue of his over my hardened peak. Damn, maybe he has done this before. I run my fingers through his thick curls, encouraging his actions with a low moan as he growls lowly against my flushed skin. Fucking hell, this man will be the death of me.

I pull away then, earning me a groan of disapproval from the doctor as I look to him with a wicked smirk. I drop to my knees before him then and his dark chocolate eyes flash bright green for a second as I reach out to peel back the towel currently separating me from my goal. I whip the towel away before my jaw drops in shock.

"Damn, doctor, you've been holding out on me," I whisper reverently as he flashes me a cocky grin. Shit, he's huge! Who'd have thought he was walking around with this monster tucked away in his pants all this time! His smile falters then as he reaches down to cup my face gently.

"You don't have to do, well, that, Nat," he tells me softly as I grin up at him.

"But I want to," I argue as his brows shoot up in surprise before he grins widely, nodding his approval. I smirk up at him before leaning closer to run my tongue along his slit, earning me a hiss from the doctor. I grin before swirling my tongue around the crown and have to hold back a chuckle as the usually well-mannered doctor begins cursing softly.

I lower my mouth then, darting out my tongue to run it wetly along his gracious length as his long fingers find purchase within my locks, tugging ever so slightly. I lower my mouth over him then, taking the tip of him between my lips and sucking softly as he groans lowly above me.

I take that as encouragement as I lower my head, taking more of his hardened length into my mouth and lapping at the heated skin, humming against him as his fists tug harder at my hair and his groans sound louder throughout the room.

I take as much of him into my mouth as I can before fisting the base of him firmly in hand and squeezing gently as I begin bobbing my head over him, sucking and licking along his girth as he chants my name softly over and over, encouraging me as I work to drive him ever closer to the brink of release.

He grips my face then, halting my movements and I gaze up to see his dark eyes ringed with bright green for a moment before he shakes his

head at me, flashing me a warm smile.

"I don't want to finish like this," he admits softly as I grin up at him, nodding my understanding. "Come her, Nat," he says then, reaching down to grasp me under my arms and helping me stand before him. "Lie down on the bed," he instructs softly as I nod, biting my bottom lip as I anticipate whatever it is he has planned for me.

I settle myself against the pile of fluffy pillows before looking to the foot of the bed to see the sweet doctor standing in all his nude glory as he eyes me hungrily. He lowers himself to the foot of the bed then and my heart races in anticipation as he begins crawling ever closer.

He props himself above me, taking firm hold of the bunched leather sitting at my hips before he peels the material down slowly, grazing his soft fingers over my flushed skin until I am fully exposed to my lover. He tosses my suit across the room before gazing down to me with obvious yearning in his dark eyes.

"You're incredible, Nat," he whispers softly as I flash him a grateful smile.

"Ditto, doc," I quip back as he grins widely and chuckles lowly. He reaches out to run his hands along my calves before proceeding to trail his hands slowly upwards, teasing my flushed skin with his nimble fingers before gripping my knees firmly in his grasp.

I look on in awe as his dark eyes flash a vibrant green as he spreads my thighs wide before him. He takes firm hold to the backs of my thighs then and I let out a surprised squeak as I'm tugged down the bed, closer to my eager lover. Banner lowers his face to my thighs then and I grin as he begins peppering the sensitive skin with light kisses while he gazes up at me with adoration shining in his brown eyes.

"Oh, fuck!" I cry as his hot mouth encloses over my throbbing sex and he proceeds to lavish languid licks and teasing sucks against me, driving my lusts to soaring heights for the doctor. My spine bows over the bed as he continues his wicked ministrations upon me and my fingers twine into his dark curls in encouragement as I cry out wordlessly for my lover.

I feel him sheath a warm digit inside me then and I groan out in pleasure as he begins pumping inside me whilst his mouth continues to bring me closer to the razor's edge. A familiar, coiling heat is tugging tighter deep within me and as he pushes a second finger inside my entrance I shatter to pieces, crying out wordlessly as my orgasm crashes through me, leaving me a boneless, heaving heap upon the bed.

"Damn, Bruce," I gasp out, gazing down to see his satisfied smile as he proceeds to lick his fingers clean with a mischievous twinkle in his green rimmed eyes. I grin at him, shaking my head as he leans over me to press his soft lips to my own. I groan into that kiss, opening my mouth to grant him access before twining my tongue around my lovers, tasting myself on his lips and tongue.

The kiss is passionate, demanding and all-consuming as we let our mouths speak the words we dare not speak out loud. Bruce groans lowly

as his hips nudge my thighs wider still and I grin against his lips, anticipating what is to come. He runs his hardened member along my dripping folds, teasing me in the best possible way as I moan my desire into his mouth.

His crown presses against me then and I hiss slightly as he begins to push forward, stretching me wide to accommodate his considerable size. He sinks slowly inside me, pushing ever deeper, inch my hardened inch until he's sheathed inside me fully, filling me in the most delicious of ways. He pauses then, looking to me with concern flashing in those mesmerizing eyes of his.

"You alright, Nat?" he asks softly as I nod eagerly, grinning up at him.

"I'm perfect, just perfect," I assure him as he flashes me a brilliant, heart stopping smile. He nods then before lowering his mouth to mine, kissing me tenderly. I roll my hips under him then, earning me a guttural moan from my lover before he pumps those wicked hips of his, thrusting into me deeply. "Oh, God," I moan as my head falls forward to rest against the heated skin of his shoulder.

"God, Nat," he breathes against my ear as he finds a steady rhythm, pumping himself in and out of me in a practiced, skillful fashion. My legs wrap tightly around his firm waist and my nails bite into his pale flesh as he continues to work us both towards our impending release.

His face raises above mine then and I gasp softly, my heart racing in an equal mix of fear and arousal as they flash almost entirely a bright glowing, vibrant green.

"Um, Bruce?" I ask softly as he shuts his eyes, shaking his head fervently before opening them once more to reveal dark brown orbs ringed with only a tinge of green.

"I'm okay, you're alright," he assures me softly, running his hands through my hair with a soft smile before thrusting into me once more with a low groan. I sigh in relief before losing myself to the feel of him pounding inside me harder still as a delicious heat pools low in my abdomen.

"Close, so close," I breathe against his ear just before my eyes slam shut and my nails dig into firm biceps as my orgasm rips through me, leaving me shuddering against my lover as he thrusts ever harder, ever deeper before finally throwing his head back with a loud, animalistic growl.

"Natalie!" he shouts as his body shudders against me with his own release before he collapses over me with a loud, contented sigh. I press my face into his hair, grinning against his dark curls and proceed to wrap my arms and legs around him tightly as I relish the closeness of him in my utterly sated and completely satisfied state.

"Well, that was fun," sounds Tony's amused voice as I gasp, reaching to pull the sheets up over us before looking up to Stark's smirking face on the flat screen once more. I flip him the bird and he chuckles lightly, shaking his head.

"Stark, leave us alone," Bruce groans out irritably as he reaches over to pull me to his side, wrapping his arm around me tightly. "We did what you wanted so you can let us out of here now." Tony smirks at us, as Thor and Steve step into frame, looking at us over Iron Man's shoulders with matching, wide grins as they both wave to us excitedly. I roll my eyes at the trio before snuggling closer to Banner's heated form with a soft sigh.

"Aww, they're so cute!" Steve calls out excitedly, earning a small chuckle from Banner as he shakes his head at our teammates.

"Most impressive, Green Man," Thor congratulates with a wide grin. "Thou female didst enjoy herself aptly." Banner groans then, lowering his face to his hands as we both remember they were all listening in this entire time. Ugh, those pricks. I grab a pillow then, throwing it at the screen with a deep scowl.

"Get out of here, you pervs!" I cry out as the three of them chuckle lightly before the screen goes black once more.

"God, I'm so sorry, Nat," Banner tells me, looking to me in concern. "They heard all of that."

"I know," I tell him with a shrug. "It ought to give you bragging rights with the team for a while at least," I muse as he grins widely.

"I think you might be right," he tells me before leaning down to press a tender kiss to my lips. "God, you're incredible," he whispers against my lips as I smile widely.

"Ditto, doc," I concede with a soft snicker before wrapping my arms tightly around his waist and nuzzling my face against his neck with a hum of contentment.

"So, are you ready for round two, Nat?"

End
file.